

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

A Weekly Record of

SCIENCE, CRITICISM, LITERATURE, AND INTELLIGENCE,

CONNECTED WITH THE ART.

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Vol. XVII.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1842.

A very general interest has been awakened amongst the true friends of literature and music, by the animated debate on Lord Mahon's new "Copyright Bill," which took place in the House of Commons, on Wednesday the 6th instant. It is quite delightful to contemplate the earnestness of many of the most distinguished men in the country—men of all opinions, tempers, and politics—for once forgetting their one-sided arguments, and joining issue in a common cause and for a general benefit; it is happy for them that an occasional spot does occur in their rugged parliamentary pilgrimage—a sort of pleasant neutral ground (and what, like literature and music, can make that spot a sunny one?)—a sociable green grass plot, on which they may loiter awhile and prove their wit, without asperity—their wisdom by its congenial reciprocation. To us, who gaze and listen—

"Listen to learn, and gaze to be convinced," to us it is a cheering and a pleasant spectacle—an attractive drama of the calmer scenes of life, in which a number of dissimilar but natural characters thread the intricacies of plot, arrangement, and language, to work out a wise principle and bring about a happy denouement—a drama indeed—and the more readily recognisable as such, from its emulation of the dramas of the Shaksperian age, by numbering "the Fool" among its most prominent dramatis personæ. To be sure, we simple uninitiate—we out-of-door audience of the great national theatre, who understand little of its enactments beyond the unequivocal certainty that we have to pay for them—we, and all plain-thinking persons, are fain to marvel that so gross a tissue of commonplace jibes, presumptuous criticism, false reasoning, and absurd no-meaning as the

speech of the Finsbury member, should have been suffered to impede the tide of eloquent discourse on the occasion in question; but as the House of Commons is, or should be, a correct and entire epitome of the large popular body who elect it, we may conclude that however inadequately the individual borough of Finsbury is represented, the multifold family of dunces elsewhere have a legitimate sitting member.

In the progress of the Bill through the Committee (so far as it *has* progressed—viz. to clause 14.) certain amendments, or alterations at least, have been adopted; at the suggestion of Mr. Macauley, the member for Edinburgh, a term of forty-two years interest in every work, from the date of its publication, will be vested in its author, and his heirs; and in case the author should survive that period of forty-two years, then the copyright will continue his property during life, and be retained by his family for a period of not less than seven years after his decease. This arrangement is in lieu of the original provisions of the Bill, which went to fix the property of a work in its author and his heirs for the whole term of his life, and twenty-five years after; and in cases of posthumous publication, for thirty years after the said publication. Thus, by Mr. Macauley's alteration (or amendment if you will), a work published late in life, may afford a long advantage to the author's descendants; and a posthumous work a still longer: while, at the happy suggestion of Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel, (extremes do sometimes meet,) a seven years interest will remain to the said descendants, even though the author should have outlived the stipulated forty-two years—and the whole of this interest will be available to the author to bequeath or will away at his own option.

We trust we are sufficiently grateful for anything, however granted or obtained,

which can tend to enhance and substantiate the "rights and privileges" of the Glorious Human Mind; but we cannot easily be convinced of the right to restrict, or the necessity for restricting, the property produced by the mind, to any other limitation than that enjoyed by other species of wealth, which appertain to their owners so long as the Legislature under which they were created, endures. Many curious facts were adduced during the debate, not the least remarkable of which is, that, with the exception of Austria, we are behindhand with all the most civilized nations of the world, in the protection afforded to the wealth of Genius. Looking to the far east, and the far west, we find that the property of an author's works is extended in proportion as his home is distant from the centre of civilization; and that in Russia, and (we believe) in America, the two junior states of the large enlightened family, the freehold tenure of the estates of the mind is perpetual.

We conceive no rational objection to the proposed law can arise out of the silly argument, that, because we cannot give a property in their discoveries to philosophers and men of science, we ought to leave the works of the poet, the musician, and the man of letters, without protection; it seems to us but fair and just, that Genius should have its patent rights, as well as nobility; and that the estate of the one is as clearly defineable, and as worthy of legislative protection, as the domain of the other; but it is no sound argument to say, that, because we cannot do impossible things, we must not do analogous possible ones; besides, the inventor and the man of science may well console themselves for the impracticability of establishing the pecuniary value of their labours, by the reflection that the Discoverer of Printing, has set his legitimate seal upon the title-page of every book

that Columbus and Cook have placed their boundary lines on every chart—and that Newton and Herschel enjoy manorial rights among the stars.

As some of our Readers have misunderstood the epitome of the Act which we gave a week or two since, and as it is desirable that all persons devoted to the creation of musical works, should be perfectly informed of the present and prospective advantages which it promises to them, we subjoin the clause relating thereto; the perusal of which will, we trust, arouse them to some vigorous struggle in support of this, the first boon that their art has been thought worthy of by the legislators of this country. Some may hang back, in fear, lest the proposed remuneration for the performance of works may still farther increase the existing difficulty of bringing them before the public; but, without adverting to the well known truism that "whatever is dearly bought is most highly prized," we recommend them to bear in mind that the possession of a right does not compel the exaction of it—that prudence and propriety will correct the abuse of their power—and that the day may come, and certainly will come, when themselves and their posterity may rejoice in the full enjoyment of the advantage. C.

EXTRACT FROM THE
NEW COPYRIGHT BILL,
RELATING TO
MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

"And whereas an Act was passed in the third year of the reign of his late Majesty, to amend the Law relating to Dramatic Literary Property, and it is expedient to extend the term of the sole liberty of representing Dramatic Pieces given by that Act to the full time by this Act provided for the continuance of Copyright: And whereas it is expedient to extend to Musical Compositions the benefits of that Act and also of this Act; Be it therefore Enacted, that the provisions of the said Act of his late Majesty, and of this Act, shall apply to Musical Compositions, and that the sole liberty of representing, or performing, or causing or permitting to be represented or performed any Dramatic Piece or Musical Composition, shall endure and be the property of the Author thereof and his assigns, for the term in this Act provided for the duration of Copyright in Books; and the provisions hereinbefore enacted in respect of the property of such Copyright and of registering the same shall apply to the liberty of representing or performing any Dramatic Piece, or Musical Composition, as if the same were herein expressly re-enacted and applied thereto, save and except that the first public representation or performance of any Dramatic Piece or Musical Composition shall be deemed equivalent in the construction of this Act to the first publication of any book; Provided always, That in case of any Dramatic Piece or musical Composition in manuscript, it shall be sufficient for the person having the sole liberty of representing or performing, or causing to be represented or performed the same, to register only the title thereof, the name and place of abode of the author or composer thereof, the name and place of abode of the proprietor thereof, and the time and place of its first representation."

SACRED AND SECULAR MUSIC.

BY JOHN S. DWIGHT, OF BOSTON, UNITED STATES.

LET us discuss, *The true office and dignity of Music.* Alas! that we are obliged to discuss it; to bring our feeble phraseology to the aid of a language in itself so much more glorious! to try to heighten its eloquence by thoughts and words, when thought and speech leave off where it begins, just as the face of the earth grows dark as soon as the stars begin to shine! to interpret music, which is the language of heaven, the language of the Infinite, by words, which are the language of the Finite! It is like going out with a candle to see the moon. How much better, if music could unseal her own lips and let her spell come over us in some sublime chorus of Handel, or symphony of Beethoven, or were it only some humble, heart-felt national melody! Then should she, like wisdom, be "justified of her children."

But there is the want of sufficient reverence for music as an art, which prevents and makes impossible any full and effectual manifestation of its power among us. This low appreciation of the dignity of music is due, in a great measure, to the current distinction between *sacred* and *secular* music. Not that there is no distinction; not that the same strains are equally suited to the church and to the ball-room; or that it is good taste or good sense to apply the words of a hymn to the melody of "Auld Lang Syne," or "Bonnie Doon." But the nature of the distinction, such as it is, is wrongly indicated by these words; it is made by far too wide, more with reference to accidental associations, customs and circumstances connected with music, than to its own essential meaning. This operates in two ways to the disadvantage of the art. All that it calls secular or profane it virtually excommunicates thereby from the circle of pure and holy influences, identifies it with whatever is trivial and low, and makes it seem a merit and a mark of piety, at least of prudence, to be innocent of it, and ignore it altogether, or, at the most, "indulge" in it sparingly, as we do in other recreations which the weakness of the flesh will have. So all time spent in it becomes indulgence, not devotion,—a wandering away from the earnest business of life, and not acquaintance with a higher life. It is an amusement, not a study; it will do to while away an idle hour to refresh a weary mind, or extract the sting of sorrow; it well supplies the place of more dangerous excitements, like the bottle and the gambling table; but we may not enter into it seriously; it cannot enrich, ennoble, purify and perfect the powers and sensibilities of man, and make him more a man, as poetry and science do, to which we hold the sacrifice of a life but cheap. At most it belongs to the ornamental, not to the indispensable. It occupies a place in neither of the recognised departments of Labour, of Learning, or of Wisdom; but is consigned, with little ceremony, to that uncertain limbo, never accurately surveyed, where men run to and fro irresponsible, called Taste. On the other hand, by calling certain music, and that only, *sacred*, we give to all, so named, an arbitrary worth which makes its intrinsic merit less consulted; we limit

its natural freedom of expression, and reduce it to form, a ceremony, till it becomes monotonous and dull, and is cherished more from veneration and old habit, than from any love of its own beauty. When "church music" is mentioned, all the stress seems laid upon "church," and little upon "music." The whole significance and charm of the latter is resolved into association, and music, as such, becomes a negative thing, the merest robe or varnish to a hallowed form. Not loved and cherished for its own sake, but only as a customary part of a ritual, it comes to have less and less of music in it; to have no life of its own, but only such as it borrows from the occasion for which it is used, through the instrumentality of that marvellous agent, called Association, which seems, to hear some talk about it, to have the chemical faculty not only of compounding, but also of creating substances. Thus is Music clipped at both ends; secular and sacred run away in opposite directions, each with its half, and Art is left a minus quantity in the middle. That is to say; the music of the church, in its dread of the secular spirit, grows lifeless, dull and cold; the music of the parlour and the street, in its dread of solemn dullness, grows altogether trivial and gay; while true music, conceived in the exalted sense of art, is tolerated in neither place, since it falls under neither head. It is rejected from the church, because, being confounded under one sweeping classification with every thing secular, a something not quite sacred seems to appertain to it, and it is unpopular with the multitude, who seek to be amused, but never dream of studying and laying to their heart the deep sense of a symphony, a sonata, or an overture, as they would that of a poem, or a discourse.

Yet as much soul, as much energy of genius, as much depth and earnestness of life, as much fullness of meaning and inexhaustible beauty, may go into the composition of the music, as into that of the poem. All this, however, is left to the enjoyment of a very select few. The whole inner world of a Beethoven, a Weber, a Mozart, all that heaven has communicated to those gifted spirits, and, through them, to the world, in the mysterious language of their art, is a secret with these few—their undisputed and unenvied enjoyment and prerogative—yet a painful enjoyment, which they burn with hopeless longing to share with others. For the best and truest music, that which stirs the deepest chords in us, and wakes the strongest yearnings after a better world of harmony and peace; that which fills the mind, while heard, with "sober certainty of waking bliss," and, as its sound dies away upon the ear, leaves its soul behind to mingle with our aspirations, was written neither for purposes professedly sacred, nor for amusement; but it was the spontaneous utterance of feeling, as much as any poem; a gushing up as of a fountain without a purpose. Sometimes it happened to gush up within the precincts of the church, sometimes in the beaten thoroughfares of the world, sometimes in the theatre of pleasure: that is, sometimes it was written to sacred words, a psalm, or a mass, in the devout mood of the author; sometimes for money, to keep him from starving; sometimes it took the shape

of the light and elegant waltz, or dazzling divertimento, or entertaining opera, where often a happened that the production proved vastly greater than the occasion, the means far nobler than the end they served; as is the case with the opera "Don Juan," by Mozart, and with the "waltzes" of Beethoven, which latter remind us of no dance, unless it be the dances of the heavenly systems, in their sublime career through space,—such their outward form and movement might suggest; but really, they are moral tragedies and prayers and outpourings of gratitude unutterable by speech: they are the happiest and most feeling expression of the deep and earnest life there was burning in that man, and which burns on yet, we trust, in purer spheres than this, where he seemed out of place. What I wish to prove, is, that music is the child of nature, and does not work to order, nor in any traces; that the whole merit, the whole meaning, the whole moral influence of her works, is often altogether independent of the outward occasions which called them into being. Their spirit and essential tendency are not to be confounded with the mere historical circumstances attending their origin and subsequent performance; many pieces are nominally theatrical, nominally sacred, but naturally and really mean more than any name or place can designate. The occasion might call, but the song or the sonata would not come, unless it were already *in being*: that is, unless the inmost life of the composer, all the spiritual juices of his nature, were tending towards such fruit. And often, when an occasion called, the composer answered, not in such strains as were merely called for, but in the choicest life blood of his soul, in the very heaven-distilled wine of genius, in the readiest natural language of what was in him. If an opera, or a dance, or a mass were ordered, he wrote in the way of business; but as regards the rest, he wrote not merely what was ordered, but what his own heart loved to sing; for the terms of the order covered only the form, and not the spirit of the thing to be produced, which was for those who had ears to hear and hearts to feel. The works of a man of genius, in any department, are not occasional; or if the works are, the soul of the works is not. Occasions only shake the tree, and the fruit, already ripened, falls. Works of art make their appearance on occasions; but their inward conception and growth, their spirit, style and tone, are results of the whole character and nature of the man; and by the music we know the man, "what manner of spirit he was of." Let not the bigot call it secular, because not written for church service, when, nevertheless, it may thrill and tremble with the natural, the unprofessed religion of the heart; when it may be a full heart's confession, heard and blessed in heaven. And let not the flippant pleasure-hunter, or unideal utilitarian, relaxing from his drudgery awhile, call it artificial, scientific, dull, and dirge-like, because it came out of a mind more earnest than his own.

But let each, while he cultivates a deep and true life in himself, strive rather to enter into the spirit of the great works of the masters in music, to appreciate them as art, as flowers and fruits of

soul, and not as manufactures; and he will find their influence will be to raise him equally above bigotry and above frivolity, to hallow pleasure, and to naturalize religion.

How much of the music which we call secular, is all instinct with the sublimest, tenderest, holiest sentiment? Are not, for instance, some of the adagio movements, scattered through the instrumental works of Mozart and Beethoven, almost the very essence of prayer?—not formal prayer, I grant, but earnest, deep, unspeakable aspiration? Is not their music pervaded by such prayer? When we hear it and are so moved by it, what account can we give of it, except to say that all our deepest yearnings are expressed; that while our ears drink in its gliding, gushing, crowded harmonies, every deepest sentiment within us, which has never felt at home in this world of the finite and the artificial, this world of narrowness and ignorance and strife, is visited with a sweet home-sympathy, with an assurance that there *is* that in the world that corresponds to it? Yes! we have faith in our best thoughts, our secret hopes, when they come back to us in music. Does not its harmony affect us, just as when we look up to the stars in a clear night, and are filled with awe, as well as with unspeakable longing, and with a consciousness that our true home is not here,—that there is another and an unseen world, which only the heart knoweth, and which the pure in heart shall enter, though they are not of the successful ones after the world's way? Or rather (to make our comparison more characteristic of Beethoven), we will suppose it *not* a clear night, but one in which the sublimity is heightened by masses of black clouds, moving and drifting over the sky, while the moon and the stars look out so true and calm between, or seem to sail and glide in and out from their dark havens,—clouds and storms, as of a restless, heaven-storming, Titan soul, with sweetest vistas of clear heaven beyond,—clouds and storms of earnest aspiration, it may be a momentary doubt, relieving the to us monotonously clear, blue, boundless firmament of Faith. If "sacred" means elevating, purifying, love and faith-inspiring, then nearly all the secular works of the masters are sacred. They shed a sacred influence over our minds; they make us conscious of new worlds within us; they open a new communication between our hearts and nature, and assert the present Deity, without name, without creed.

Hence I hazard the assertion, that *music is all sacred*; that music in its essence, in its purity—when it flows from the genuine fount of art in the composer's soul, when it is the inspiration of his genius, and not a manufactured imitation, when it comes unforced, unbidden from the heart, it is a divine minister to the wants of the soul. I know it is often put to low uses, it is often composed without inspiration, like doggerel poetry, patched up out of floating common-places, and only conformed to the rules of harmony and rhythm,—the body without the soul of music. Because in this, as in all arts, where there is one genius, there are a hundred imitators; where one has the spirit, a hundred have the knack of producing the form. But music which is original, which rises to the

dignity of art, is holy; it cannot profane any mind, or any place; it can be profaned by the levity, yes, and by the unfelt, feigned solemnity with which it is performed or written, but it came itself from heaven. To me, music stands for the highest outward symbol of what is deep and holy, and most remotely to be realized in the soul of man. It is a sort of Holy Writ; a prophecy of what life is to be; the language of our presentiments; the rainbow of promise translated out of seeing into hearing. This may sound extravagant and sentimental. But no less could I say in justice to sincere experience; it is confession which one "smit with the love of sacred song," is bound to make, and not a play of fancy, which he might withhold.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR—Would it not be a most desirable arrangement, if the company now forming with a view of erecting "a splendid edifice, to consist of a spacious music-hall, a minor hall, singing school, library," &c., &c., were to add a music club-room, or as you have it, "A Bourse for the interchange and promulgation of musical information, and the gathering together, from all purlieus and regions of persons made fraternal by one common love and sentiment?" Literary men have their Athenæum, Scientific theirs, Antiquarians theirs, Theatricals the Garrick, Soldiers and Sailors their War and Peace Clubs; then why not the Sons of Song be indulged in their *crotchets*, and have a whereabouts of their own? Pray, Sir, stir them up with your powerful (*pole*, I was going to write) pen!

Yours, &c.

AN AMATEUR.

Saville Row, April 8, 1842.

The hint of our Correspondent is extremely apropos; we should dearly like to see a Musical Athenæum in London—a spot where the rights, privileges, attributes and advantages of the Art would find a focal home, whence to evolve its pleasurable and profitable glories on all. We continue most earnest in our hopes and endeavours respecting the establishment of a Music Club, and we invite opinions thereon; but we entreat correspondents to favour us with real names and addresses. The New Music Hall Committee will perhaps profit by the above.

ED. M. W.

MUSICAL MATTERS IN BATH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

DEAR WORLD—Amidst the jarring elements of politics and the tariff, and the various shades and divisions in sects and parties; from the difference of opinion, birth, merit, or acquirements, it is pleasing sometimes to find common ground, on which all may take their stand, and blend their oppositions into one harmonious whole, when every heart can beat with a kindred sentiment, and be gladdened with a delightful union. This common ground or great pacificator, may be said to exist in Music and the Drama, when conducted in unison with their original design; any dereliction from which, or any mischief that may arise from their exhibition by perverted minds, is no blemish in these delights—delights which are of the purest and highest order—but merely the manifestation of the depravity of such recipients.

To check then this harmony of the soul, this poetry and life of the imagination, or to destroy this grand mirror of nature, is to deprive us of

two of the most innocent and useful delights. It were well if our *visceres* and lawgivers were to give these matters their whole countenance and support, which, by turning the minds and affections of the community to a higher order of study and amusement, might in a great measure tend to destroy the licentiousness of the press, the great activity of which, and a misplaced education, are pandering to the lowest passions of the human will. Even in this highly accomplished city, we are not entirely free from this moral taint. It is singular what trumpery is countenanced! what small efforts at wit, and straining at originality with the ideas of others; what paltry bombast, shifts, and subterfuges; what sneaking innuendos, and cowardly hints are belched forth in penny numbers. Let but Music sound her tocsin, or such meetings frequently occur as at "The Bath Harmonic Society," on Friday Evening *April the First!* then good bye to penny pamphlets, or obscure weekly publications; they will only be found useful in certain houses, more remarkable for convenience than for elegance of design, or extent of scale. But to our text. "This third and last ladies' night" is said by the *Chronicles and Journals* to have equalled any of its predecessors in merit, and to have been superior to any in number and brilliancy of attendance. Amongst the subjects chosen, were T. Cooke's "Clouds of night," Bianchi Taylor's M.S. glee for four voices,—"Oh look not at yon evening star," a composition of superior merit, and being its first appearance on any stage," was nobly and gladly received; Dr. Crotch's—how appropriate—motett, "Methinks I hear the full celestial choir," Dr. Cooke's Glee, "Hark the lark," and Knyvett's Glee, "The rose of the valley," &c., &c.

On Monday Evening, April 4th, Mr. H. Field's and Mrs B. Penley's concert was attended by a crowded and fashionable audience. The selection of music was such as to display to the best effect the powers of the talented professors, who contributed in the highest degree to the gratification of their auditors. Mrs. B. Penley sang with her accustomed talent, and with good effect. The instrumental department in the hands of Mr. H. Field (pianoforte) and Miss Richards, (harp) wanted nothing to deserve the highest meed of praise the warmest admirers of good music could bestow; and the whole was well and ably conducted by Mr. George Field. Miss Van Milligen and Miss Ley added to their increasing reputation, and Miss L. Patton was well received and in good voice. Mr. J. Parry had and merited the greatest applause of the evening, uniting as he does with exquisite comic humour, a characteristic style and unexceptionable truth to science. Mr. Charles Lockey received such approbation as warrants a perseverance in his public career.

Mrs. Belleville Penley's last concert was given in the morning. I am no advocate for morning concerts, although they were at one time all the rage in Bath, for

"Night is the time to feel,
Life's joy without a pain!
Apples to take and peel,
And cut and come again;
And romping much before we rest,
Feel very sure that they'll digest.

Night is the time to sing,
Beneath the casement high,
Those mellow notes that ring
With love's sweet melody;
While the bright maiden pokes her head
Out of the casement aforesaid.

Yes, *Night* is the time to sing. There is a time and season for every thing, whether it be cucumbers, sermons, or music: and we conceive no one is up to concert pitch before dinner. Ladies are not like larks, that they should warble when the sun rises; and to us it appears singular that concerts should be given early.

When the music of nature has ceased, and the world is shut out by darkness—when the eye finds no object in roving, nor the ear in listening, then it is that flutes and fiddles, pianos, fantasias, cantatas, and duets, gas lights, and wax lights,

and rushlights, come in with double effect: then the soul is alive to harmony, and the senses are roused and delighted by turning from darkness to light. Yes, *night is the time to sing.*

Mr. West repeated his former Lecture on Music and Singing, at the Guildhall, on Thursday, April 7th, when the attendance was so great, that many were obliged to return without the gratification of a hearing. The improvement of the pupils was rapid and extraordinary, and proofs were given that they *could sing at sight*, despite the little interested whisperings afloat, that their lessons were premeditated and anticipated. Messrs. West and Noble appear to have caught the whole city by the ears, and many classes of consequence and high respectability have entered under their banners, or placed themselves under the new system of tuition—a grand movement towards Universal Harmony.

Your's, in a corner,
Bath, April 11, 1842. SAM SLX.

REVIEW.

"*Acis and Galatea*," *Serenata by Handel, arranged (with an original introduction) by T. Cooke.* Jefferys & Nelson.

Such music as this can never become old. With decided indications of the peculiar manner of Handel, "*Acis and Galatea*" has all the freshness of the best modern compositions, all the newness of a to-day's thought. Charming as is the poetry of Gay, Handel has elevated it far beyond its sphere, by the passionate energy and exquisite refinement of the more than poetry to which he has married it. There is hardly a piece in this serenata but is a gem; and one or two of the songs—"Where shall I seek," and "Love in her eyes sits playing," for instance, have never since been equalled, much less surpassed, by any subsequent composer. The style in which this work has been produced does honour to the publishers. The whole of the music is included in the book, from the overture to the final chorus; and though we may object to the alterations of the original keys in some of the songs, we must admit such alterations render them more adapted for general appreciation, which gives the publishers a better chance of repaying themselves for the great outlay that must indubitably have attended the production of the work in such a picturesque and gorgeous style. Each song and chorus is illustrated by an ingenious drawing, from the practised hand of Mr. Brandard, and the exterior and minor embellishments are in the best possible taste, which, though it adds nothing to the intrinsic value of the music, yet shows the high respect entertained for the genius of the great composer, and is therefore creditable to all parties concerned. The arrangement by Mr. T. Cooke is assuredly the very best we have seen, and the eighteen pages of original introduction composed by that gentleman, though they may not be precisely in character with the style of Handel, are nevertheless written with the care of an artist aware of the importance of the task allotted to him, and with the skill of a musician confident of his power. The first phrase in A major, to some words from Shelley's "Prometheus," is very elegant and uncommon, and the character of the accompaniment is ably sustained. There are many passages worthy all commendation scattered through the introduction, which viewed entire is a composition highly creditable to

Mr. T. Cooke; we liked the effect of it at the theatre, and our liking is confirmed by a closet perusal; we only regret that we have it not oftener in our power to express our warm esteem for the striking, though rarely exerted abilities of its composer. We cannot too loudly give vent to the feelings of entire approbation to which the publication of such a work as "*Acis and Galatea*," in such becoming style, gives birth. It is a heavy blow levelled at the tinselly frivolities of the day, and a healthy stimulus to a taste for the really beautiful in music, which, for some time past, has at least been slumbering. May it be but the herald of good things to come—the foundation stone of a goodly edifice soon to be completed—the bearer of glad tidings to refresh the souls of all true artists—the forerunner of a better and purer taste, than that which it is so often our unpleasant task to reprobate. With this hope strongly cherished we take our leave of a publication which, space and time permitting, we could have dwelt on for a considerable longer period, to the exclusion of necessary though far less interesting matter.

Select Works of William Sterndale Bennett.—No. 3.
Fantasia in A major, for the pianoforte—Dedicated to Robert Schumann. Wessel & Stapleton.

A composition entirely in character with the peculiar bent of mind of the eminent artist to whom it is inscribed. Wild, fantastic, capricious, and playful,—sombre and gay—gentle and passionate—energetic and reproachful by turns, this fantasia, has all the characteristics of Mr. Bennett's style, though exemplified in a more wayward and less concentrated fashion than is his wont. The first movement, a graceful and continuous melody in A major, 6—4 time, accompanied most ingeniously by an incessant motion of quavers, is, to our minds, one of the most finished and complete things of its kind that can be met with in the works of any modern composer whatever. There is a freshness and unhackneyed form about the passages, a quaint and happy turn of melody, which gives a peculiar charm to this movement—frequent hearing of which only renders it the more acceptable to the ear. The scherzo in F sharp minor, is more impassioned, restless and unhappy; and the short trio in A major is a delicious little morsel, which forcibly recalls the couplet of Shelley.

Many a green spot needs must be,
In the deep wide sea of misery,
and a veritable green spot—an undoubted oasis in the desert—is this brief snatch of loveliness, this graceful and grateful trio—the more welcome from the tumultuous and uneasy nature of the rest of the movement. The slow movement is a pleasing canzonet in E major—very short but very unaffected and charming—which does not finish, but conducts to the finale in A minor—a movement full of that unquiet turbulence, that nervous irritability, fantastic beauty, and morbid melancholy, which characterise so many of the pianoforte compositions of Mr. Bennett. This finale is a succession of fearful difficulties, but its manifest and manifold beauties will amply repay the severe study that, to master it in any fashion, is absolutely indispensable.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE Metropolitan.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Mr. Benedict's benefit on Thursday last was, as is usual with him, a bumper; the Queen's Drawing Room, and a blank opera night, having contributed, not a little, to the number and brilliance of the audience. The novelty of the night, was the first appearance of Miss Kemble in the "Son-nambula." Bellini has so clothed this opera with captivating melody, that the critic who hears it is sure to be led astray, and is charmed into forgetfulness of his vocation. From the rising to the falling of the curtain, such a gust of sprightly air continues to blow, whether the scene be joyous or tragical, sentimental or jovial, that we are fairly borne along by it, and only begin to consider, when we are close closetted and curtailed by our chimney corner, that the jewel-work which has dazzled us is but an inappropriate incrustation of valueless paste—that the drink we have swallowed was intoxicating, not alimentary. Miss Kemble had much to contend with in her impersonation of Amina—the comparison with Madame Persiani, who has latterly made the *role* her own, and the recollection of poor Malibran, whose exertions in this opera, gave the first vivid leaf to poor Bellini's laurel; it was, however, a performance of high artistic merit, and one that will doubtless add very largely to the fame of our English *Prima Donna*. Miss Kemble's rendering was perhaps a little too artist-like, or artful—it was neither so touchingly tender as that of Persiani, nor so utterly self-abandoned and soul-stirring as the picture drawn by Malibran; but it was deeply and truly studied, the contrast between the sleeping and waking scenes, most felicitously made apparent and to relieve each other, and the whole so cleverly executed, as to want but the very highest finish of art—the disguise of its own effort. Mr. Leffler sustained the rising reputation won by his performance of Figaro, and proved himself both an actor and singer of very high capability. Mr. Harrison's Elvino, was a most wretched and senseless affair. When Malibran was at Milan, in 1834, she performed Amina to the Elvino of a *Tenor* then new to the stage, and declared that she would have preferred to have "played with a whole carcass of pickled pork!" We shall not easily forget the deep-drawn sigh of an amateur in the Pit of the "Scala," when Elvino stood astounded by her half frenzied emotion at the conclusion of the bed-chamber scene, nor the bitter sarcasm with which he exclaimed "Povero Poggi!" We will not venture a surmise as to Miss Kemble's carnivorous preferences, but we cannot help paraphrasing the Italian's lament, into "Alas! poor Harrison!"

The Opera was repeated on Monday, for the benefit of Miss Kemble, to another most brilliant and crowded assembly, and with even greater applause.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

This excellent institution, which was established in 1738, for the support of aged and indigent musicians, their widows and orphans, celebrated its

104th anniversary festival on the 8th instant, in the Freemason's Hall, when about three hundred ladies and gentlemen, professors and amateurs, assembled; the Earl of Cawdor in the chair, supported by Earl Howe, the Hon. G. R. Trevor, M.P., the Hon. A. Macdonald, Sir C. M. Clarke, Dr. Billing, T. H. Hall, Esq., &c. &c.

The following members of the profession were present:—Messrs. Anderson, W. S. Bennett, F. Cramer, Calkin, Challoner, Griffin, Horsley, Hawes, Harper, Hodgson, Hatton, King, Kollmann, Lord, Lord, Jun., Mackintosh, Neate, Parry, W. L. Phillips, Rovedino and Sale, forming the Committee of Management; also Messrs. Bradbury, T. Cooke, Collyer, Elliott, Hobbs, Hawkins, J. L. Hatton, Moxley, Moscheles, Machin, H. Phillips, Parry, Jun., Patey, Richardson, Romer, Spencer, E. Taylor, C. Taylor, Terrail, Vaughan, Watts, Wood, Walmisley, Young, and Sir George Smart; eight young gentlemen of the Chapel Royal; also Miss Rainforth, Miss Betts, and Miss M. B. Hawes.

We scarcely need say, that *Non Nobis Domini* was sung with a most sublime effect; and God Save the Queen, when sung, had the advantage of Harper's brilliant trumpet accompaniment. Mr. Hobbs sang an extra stanza in honour of the Prince of Wales, (written by J. Parry) so well, that it was loudly encored. In the course of the evening, the following vocal and instrumental pieces were excellently given:—Glee—"Are the white hours." Solo on the clarinet by Mr. Lazarus, accompanied on the pianoforte by W. S. Bennett, (who accompanied all the solos). Song—Miss Betts—"The deep, deep Sea." Glee—"Wanton Gales." Trio—Messrs. Wilson, Hatton, & Machin—"Dare the foe invade," from Rooke's *Amilie*, accompanied on the pianoforte, trumpet & cornet, by Messrs. J. Lord, Harper, and Harper, Jun., (encored). Song—Miss M. B. Hawes—"The Minstrel Boy" (encored). Fantasia—Violin, Mr. W. Cramer. Glee—"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue," the basso solo capitolly sung by Mr. H. Phillips. Song—Mr. John Parry (encored, when he gave the Singing Lesson). Madrigal—"Flora gave me fairest flowers." Madrigal—"All ye who music love." Song—Miss Rainforth—"Peace inviting," accompanied on the pianoforte and trumpet, by Messrs. Rovedino and Harper. (encored.) Fantasia—Cornet—Mr. T. Harper, Jun. Song—Mr. Wilson—"Saw ye my wee thing," (encored, when he gave "My Boy Tammy.")

Mr. Horsley proposed the health of the amiable nobleman in the chair, who returned thanks in an address replete with the most kindly feeling towards the musical art and its professors, and his lordship advocated the cause of the less fortunate members of it, most forcibly and eloquently. The donations announced, were Lords Cawdor, Howe, and Liverpool, ten pounds each, Messrs. Perkins, ten guineas, several others of five pounds and under. It were an act of injustice to omit noticing the excellent arrangements which were made by the Committee, for the comfort, as well as the entertainment of the company. Books, containing the rise and progress of the Society, together with a programme of the proceedings of the day, with the names of the performers, &c. were presented to

all present; and we may venture to add, that the company retired highly gratified with the great musical treat provided for them; those who contributed their mite, towards furthering the laudable objects for which the institution was founded, must have experienced a pleasurable feeling, not to be described.

There are the following claimants at present on the funds—eleven members, thirty-eight widows, fourteen children, and nine boys and girls who have been apprenticed to respectable trades, with whom £40 each, premium, has been paid—married members, (claimants) receive fifty guineas, annually, widows, thirty, and each child, twelve guineas, besides schooling, &c. The sum appropriated last year to this benevolent purpose, amounted to £2,618 13s. 3d.—*Esto Perpetua!*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Saturday was a red-letter night at this establishment; the return of Madame Persiani to the caresses of her numerous admirers, and the debut of a singer like Signor Ronconi, whose previous fame had created so great an interest amongst the *habitués* of the Opera, were sufficient anticipations for the attraction of a numerous audience; and the result realized the hope. The piece selected was "Lucia di Lammermoor," the mention of which always brings a certain qualmishness over us, in consideration of the very imperfect and maudlin rendering it gives of Sir Walter's interesting story. Much of the secret of Donizetti's great popularity lies in the extreme facility which he affords to singers by the simple construction (one might say baldness) of his *motives*; the artist may vary and bellow them *ad lib.*, passages may be inverted or prolonged without any derangement of their harmonies; they may be *adagio'd* or *allegro'd*, *accelerando'd* or *ritardando'd*, *appoggiatura'd* or *cadenza'd*, as the discretion or fancy of the performer suggests; hence the boundless variety the singers are enabled to produce, and the camelion colours with which they decorate the original, thereby giving every advantage to their own talent and capability without interfering with the *materiel* of the master. Donizetti spreads the fertile earth in the garden, and the singers cultivate it with flowers; he brings them the water, which they eject into sparkling fountains.

Madame Persiani's performance in this opera is well known; it is therefore enough to say that she was in most excellent voice, and full intensity of action, her *entrée* and her exertions throughout received the most enthusiastic applause. Signor Guasco seemed at first oppressed by the consciousness that he was bringing himself into fearful comparison with Rubini, who has so long and brilliantly supported the tenor part in this opera; but he warmed as the performance proceeded, and in the latter scenes his fine voice, impassioned expression, and appropriate acting, were all that could be desired. Signor Ronconi is a first-rate vocal artist; his voice is a baritone, of no very extensive compass, but possessing all that makes a voice valuable; it is mellow, manly, flexible, perfect in its intonation, and equable in its register; his vocalization is of the best school, bearing evidence of his own diligent study, and of the careful tuition of his late father, who for many years was the

most distinguished teacher in Milan; his acting is sensible, expressive, and energetic. We remember his original debut at Turin, some eight years since, the high promise of which was fully sustained by the triumph of Saturday night. Signor Ronconi is an educated musician as well as a singer, (a double endowment of very rare occurrence) and his theoretical as well as practical acquirements enabled him to assist (we might say to lead) the concerted pieces in which he was engaged; and thereby to inspire them with a very unusual freshness and vigour. Signor Ronconi will, we expect, become a lasting and general favourite in London.

The "three" came before the curtain at the end of the opera, to receive the most unequivocal demonstration of merited applause. Her Majesty though expected, was not present.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

The second concert of the season, which took place on Monday night, was remarkable in an equal degree for the excellence of the instrumental and the triviality of the vocal part of the selection. Beethoven's symphony in C minor, was performed with great spirit, but additional strength to the stringed instruments is very requisite in the overpowering finale. The overtures to "Les deux journées," "Medea," and "Faniska," of Cherubini, received ample justice from the orchestra, but seemed to produce little emotion in the hearers, whose enthusiasm was wholly absorbed by the weak music and fine singing which invariably mark the performances of Madame Persiani, whose taste we cannot compliment, however we may feel inclined to admire her vocal capabilities. The overture to "Medea," was performed for the first time in this country, a fact creditable to Mr. Forbes the director of these concerts. As far as we can judge from a first hearing, it is a noble composition, fully worthy of Cherubini, and marked with all the peculiarities of his style; but we must hear it again before pronouncing a decided opinion on its merits. It evidently demands a great body of stringed instruments to give it full effect, and this is one of the few things wanting at the general excellent concerts of the *Societa Armonica*. The other two overtures are well known and fully appreciated chef-d'œuvres. A Signor Cavallini performed some variations for the clarinet in a most masterly style; the execution was as good as the music was bad, which is the very highest thing that could possibly be adduced in its praise. If the Signor will favour us at the Philharmonic (where we understand he is to play) with a clarinet concerto by Spohr, or Weber, we shall be happy to welcome him more cordially. Maurer's uninteresting quartet for four violins, was tolerably well played by Messrs. Patey, Thomas, Dunsford, and Thirlwall, but we have heard it much better at the Academy concerts. Miss Dolby sang Cherubini's "Salutaris hostia," a composition which grows into our estimation at each hearing, chastely and beautifully.

Signor Ronconi performed for the second time in England, and proved himself an artist worthy of his great reputation. We subjoin the programme.

FIRST PART.

Symphony, C Minor Beethoven
Solo, Miss Dolby, "O Salutaris hostia," Cherubini
Fantasia, Clarinet, Sig. Ernesto Cavallini, First Clarinet to the Imperial Teatro alla Scala at Milan, (his first appearance in this Country Cavallini.
Aria, Mad. Persiani, "Prendi per me," Donizetti.
Aria, Sig. Ronconi Bellini.
Overture, "Les deux Journées," Cherubini.

SECOND PART.

Overture, "Medea," (First time in this Country) Cherubini.
Aria, Mad. Persiani, "Come provar quest' anima," Fioravanti
Concerte Quartette, Four Violins Concertante, Messrs. Patey, Thomas, Thirlwall and Dunsford Maurer.
Duetto, Mad. Persiani and Sig. Ronconi, Bellini.
Overture, "Faniska" Cherubini.
Conductor, Mr. Forbes.—Leader, Mr. Loder.

MR. WILSON'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

The counter attraction of the Hanover Square performances on the Wednesday mornings, though fully and fashionably attended, does not appear to diminish the attendance of Mr. Wilson's numerous friends and admirers, at his evening gatherings in the Music Hall, Store Street; a very large assembly congregated on Monday evening last, and "Anither nicht wi Burns," was fully enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Wilson repeats his "Adventures of Prince Charles," on Monday next; his morning performance on Wednesday.

Miscellaneous.

WESTERN MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—The Members of this Society met on Saturday last, for the purpose of making their final selection from among the Madrigals sent in as Candidates for the Prize. The several compositions have undergone repeated trials during the season, and it is but justice to the composers to state that they are, without any exception, fully worthy of the care and attention bestowed upon them by the Society.

In conformity with the regulations laid down by the Committee, the original number of Madrigals sent in have been, from time to time, reduced to three; and on Saturday, after going twice through them, the members proceeded to ballot for the successful one, when the choice *almost unanimously* fell on the Madrigal bearing the following motto:

"Say, mighty Gibbons, shall this feeble hand,
Attempt to rival thy seraphic strain,
Or, artful Wilbye, shall I e'er command
Thy skill divine—thv sweetness hope to gain?
No, vain the effort, if the will were mine,—
Yet would I place this offering at your shrine."

On the letter being opened by the President, he declared the successful candidate to be Professor Taylor. This announcement was received with great applause by the members. The following is a copy of the words of the Madrigal:—

"Sweet-heart! why turn away thy sight,
Or cast on me a look disdainful?
What have I done to earn thy slight?
What have I said to move complaining?
Smile on me, love, like Sun 'mid April showers;
Thy looks shall cheer me, as his rays the flowers."

Mr. Hawes congratulated the Society, not only on their choice, but also on the strict fairness and impartiality with which the whole proceedings

had been conducted. He also spoke in very high terms of the merits of all the compositions sent in, and stated that he knew of no previous instance where prizes had been offered, of a collection of such high merit being the result.

It was announced that the Society's annual festival would take place on Tuesday, May 10th.

WORCESTER FESTIVAL.—A correspondent who writes to us respecting the festival at Worcester, says, "The idea of the individual who flourishes the baton at Exeter Hall, being engaged to conduct the musical festival at Worcester, is so preposterous, that I cannot entertain it for a moment; but this I know, from pretty good authority, that it is the intention of some parties to apply to the Sacred Harmonic Society, for a chorus." Can this be possible, while there is a society of *professional* chorus singers, every member of which understands the business well? Will Mr. Clarke, or the committee, engage *amateurs*, consisting of clerks and tradesmen, who have other means withal, to maintain themselves and families, in preference to those whose *profession* is choral singing? Would that be fair, would it be just, towards a body of meritorious persons, who have, as their conductor, a highly talented musician?

NEW MUSICAL FUND.—This Society, which was established in 1786, for the same laudable purpose as the Royal Society of Musicians, not half a century previously, is about to be dissolved. The members, who only amount to thirty, we believe, intend to purchase annuities for their claimants, with a part of the property which they possess, amounting to about £10,000, and to divide the interest of the remainder, among such as may need assistance hereafter, until all be gathered to their fathers, (something after the manner of a tontine,) and then, what may remain, will be divided among the Royal, and the Female Society of Musicians. This, we believe, is the present intention of the members, but some alterations may hereafter be made. Sir George Smart has been a most strenuous and zealous friend of the Society, which was founded principally by his father, fifty-six years ago.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—Rumours have been bruited about, that Mr. Charles Kemble intended to resume the management of Covent-Garden next season; we have every reason to believe that there is no truth in the report, for several of the present company are under articles to Madame Vestris for another season. Perhaps some different arrangement between the proprietors and Mr. Charles Mathews will be entered into, ere the house closes on the 29th instant.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE, Oxford Street, which cost £47,000 in building, has been sold to a gentleman of the name of Montague, for £14,500, with £600 for fixtures. Besides a most elegant and commodious theatre, there are two concert rooms attached, one of them, spacious enough to accommodate a thousand persons.—There is however some misunderstanding between Mr. Montague and Mr. Hamlet's assignees, relative to the fixtures, the latter wishing to include the *stage* in the list. That the stage is a *fixture* every one must allow, but then one would as soon expect, in taking a

house, that the floors of the various rooms in it would be inserted in the list of fixtures, as a stage of a theatre. It is to be feared that the matter will not be settled without the interference of the law.

RUBINI.—We have been favoured with a copy of the following letter, which, if authentic, makes the long equivocal retirement of this favourite singer at last definite.

"My dear Rossini.—On my return from Spain I received your highly esteemed letter, which had been lying several days at the house of my mother-in-law. In it you propose to me an engagement for the Fair of Reggio the ensuing spring, and at another time your simple invitation would have been so attractive, that, without thinking on terms, I should have flown at the sole idea of the pleasure of embracing and passing a few days with you. But now, my dear friend, it is impossible; my resolution not to sing again is taken, and, being able to resist such a temptation, who can doubt of its solidity? It will not, however, deprive me of the pleasure of seeing you again, for, among an infinity of projects, one alone I am resolved to execute—frequent and short journeys and visits to my friends. Addio mio caro maestro! for me the first of masters! Love me, and believe me your most affectionate friend.
Bordeaux. "GIO. BATTISTA RUBINI.

M. PIKKHIRT OF VIENNA.—This talented pianist, who has acquired a very considerable fame in Germany and Paris, is just arrived on a short sojourn in London.

HONORARY DIPLOMA TO MR. MOSCHELES.—At a sitting of the "Northern Musical Association of Germany," on the 22nd ult., present *Capellmeister* Krebbs, of Hamburg, *President* Spohr, *Hof Capellmeister*, of Cassel, Messrs. Schwenke, *Organist*, Grund, *Musik Director*, E. Maxern, *Professor of Music*, Christern, *Secretary*, and J. Schubert, *Founder of the Association*, the honorary diploma of the Institution was unanimously awarded to Mr. Moscheles, as a testimony of his musical fame, and the high appreciation of his brother artists.

SPOHR'S SYMPHONY is *not* to be done at the Philharmonic.—There is a fiddle-peg loose somewhere.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

VOCAL.

- British Vocal Album, No. 8, "Let me roam," Henry Smart.—Wessel and Stapleton.
Ditto, No. 9, "Sheep heart of mine." Henry Smart.—Wessel and Stapleton.
"Near a Stream," by Proch, with Guitar and Violin Accompaniment. Ewer and Co.
Gems of German Song, No. 10, containing "Hark the lark," by Schubert; "The Minstrel's Farewell," by Haekel; "The Alpine Maiden," by Andri; "The Heart's Desire," by Proch; "Laura's Evening Song," by Staudigl; "My Treasure," by Reissiger; "To Thee," by Muller.—Ewer & Co.
"Mire dans mes yeux." Puget.—Chappell.
"Toi," ditto.—Chappell.
"Dell'aura tua profetica." Duet. Bellini.—Chappell.
I. Chinese Duettino, Soprano e Contralto. Gabussi.—Chappell.
British Vocal Album, No. 12, "Ah! beauteous Maiden," by T. M. Mudie.—Wessel & Stapleton.
Do. No. 13, "Now the bright Morning Star," by T. M. Mudie.—Wessel & Stapleton.
The whole of the Vocal Music in Auber's new Opera, "Le Duc d'Orlome," either complete or separate, with the Overture, Quadrilles, &c. &c.—Chappell.

"Darkness has dawned in the East," by Louise Bendixen.—Wessel and Stapleton.

INSTRUMENTAL.

- First Exercises, Books 3 and 4. A. E. Mueller.—Boosey & Co.
2 Morceaux de Salon. No. 1, Nocturne brillante. No. 2, Rondo Valse. Rosenhain.—Boosey & Co.
Valse Orientale par Thys.—Boosey & Co.
Delices des Operas de Donizetti, petites Fantaisies sur les motifs favorites des operas. No. 7, Torquato Tasso. No. 8, Parisina. Placci.—Boosey & Co.
Dux Caprices en forme d'Etudes. Op. 105. J. Moscheles.—Chappell.
2 Duos for 2 Violoncellos. Op. 33, for Amateurs. F. A. Kummer.—Ewer & Co.
"La Giovannina," Tarentelle, Op. 7, by J. W. Davison.—Wessel & Stapleton.
Les Narcisses. No. 1, Frisch, "Souvenir de Moise," in A minor, for Flute and Piano. Do. No. 2, Pfeiffer, "Non plu mesta," in D, for do. Do. No. 3, Frisch Romanza Cantabile, from "Guido e Ginevra," for do.—Wessel & Stapleton.
Beethoven's Perfect Works, Vol. V., containing, Op. 77, Fantasia; Op. 78, Sonata, F sharp; Op. 79, Sonatina in G; Op. 81, Sonata—Adieu, Absence, and Return; Op. 90, Sonata in E; Op. 34, Adagio and Vars.; Op. 35, Vars. and Fugue; Op. 36, 32 Vars.; Op. 36, 6 Vars. in G; No. 35, Andante favori, and Vars. in C, 4 hands.—Ewer and Co.
3 Airs de Ballet from Giselle, Op. 117. No. 1, Danse Espagnole; No. 2, Air de Ballet; No. 3, Le Galop. Huten.—Chappell.
Les Soirées de Londres, No. 59. The Terpsichore Quadrilles for 2 performers, by J. F. H. Read.—Wessel and Stapleton.
Grand Duet for 2 performers, from "Les Diamans de la Couronne," Op. 56. Edward Wolff. Wessel and Stapleton.

To Correspondents.

"D"—We "dubbed" him on our faith in his promise. We do not see exactly the drift of his argument; nor are we inclined to give up the notion that there is "a standard of true taste,"—we should like to see the Book of Sir George Mackenzie. Local news will always be acceptable.

Mr. C. Atkin.—Mr. T. Brooks.—Capt. Jervis.—Lady Campbell—their subscriptions are acknowledged with thanks.

"A Subscriber, Belfast"—next week.

"An old Subscriber, Highbury"—It was originally intended that the performance alluded to should be repeated, but it was subsequently postponed—the advertisement of the Society corrects the error of date to the 15th, the performance having been fixed for that night after our information was received. The Report states 700.

"H & M."—We will attend to their suggestion.

"W. L. P."—Patent rosin.

POSTSCRIPT.

MR. HULLAH'S SINGING CLASSES.—We were present last night at the first public demonstration of the pupils instructed on the admirable method now naturalized among us by Mr. Hullah; and if anything were wanting to confirm the opinion we last week expressed of its facility, wondrous effect, and prospective national utility, the grand spectacle of last night were enough and more than sufficient. The number of singers must have far exceeded two thousand, densely occupying, as it did, the vast area of Exeter Hall, from the platform to the walls of the building; the three galleries and the platform (which forms the orchestra of the Sacred Harmonic Society) alone being devoted to the accommodation of auditors. This mighty choir was arranged with excellent, and even picturesque effect; a large number of boys occupied the centre, these were flanked by masses of females, while the tenors on the one side, and the basses on

the other, gave a fine relief and contrast to the imposing tableau, and the whole distribution was most happy for the production of grand musical results.

The performance commenced with the 100th Psalm, harmonized in four parts; the execution of which seemed to waken a new sense in the auditors, and to startle even the singers by the extent of their own power. This was followed by Farant's extraordinary and difficult anthem—"Lord for thy tender mercies' sake," the execution of which was, we thought, marvellous—correct in time, in tune, and in enunciation,—the points taken up with bold precision—the weaving of the harmonies, strikingly distinct—the blending of the whole, magnificent. The 95th Psalm was then capably sung to Tallis's single chant in F, and filled the mind of the hearer with reverential notions of cathedral and musical devotion. The next piece was a Motet of Palestrina, for sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses, most charmingly given. We then had the well known 149th Psalm, also in four parts; which, by being rescued from the usual drawl with which we are accustomed to hear it, encumbered with indifferently organ playing, produced a fresh and charming effect. An Evening Hymn, composed by Mr. Hullah, was next very well sung; and Haydn's Hymn for the Emperor, with words appropriate to the birth of the Prince of Wales, concluded the first Part. This admirable piece was most splendidly given—the masterly harmonies were fully developed—the fine majestic melody poured forth as by one voice—the burst of voices after the pause on the twelfth bar, when the last phrase of the air commences, was perfectly thrilling, and will not easily be forgotten by those present. The whole assembly rose simultaneously at the commencement of this glorious piece, which was repeated by general request.

The second part commenced with the Madrigal, "All ye who music love," excellently sung, and justly applauded. Next we had a Solfeeggio in two parts, by Durante, a most elaborate exercise, the execution of which fully tested the capability of the singers. Then came three pieces composed by Wilhelm, each in three parts; the last of which, "The Spinning Wheel," had quite a dramatic character, was most perfectly sung, and unanimously encored. Mr. Hullah then put his pupils through a variety of the most difficult vocal passages, skips of 7ths and 9ths, changes of key, and time, &c.; extemporaneously directed by signs of the hand, and responded to with a readiness and firmness which satisfactorily prove the fundamental truthfulness of his method. The performance concluded with the National Anthem, sung in such a style of grandeur, spirit and feeling, as must have kindled every bosom and satisfied every ear. It was not the tuning up of enchanted harps and voices—it was not the breathing out of a thousand shining stars—it was the universal harmony of a sea of song—the waves of a joyous ocean, paying music's tribute to the Queen of the Isles.

We have forbore to speak of this very extraordinary performance on any other but pure artistical grounds, on which we can pronounce it to have been by far the most perfect vocal achievement we have ever heard; and our experience both at home and abroad has been by no means limited. Of its effect on the mind and the feelings, we will now say, that it produced an emotion in all near us, very closely approximating to the sublime; we believe that Prince Albert, and the Duke of Wellington, who were present, and most acutely interested, together with the distinguished company of archbishops, nobility, clergy and ladies of refined taste, must have left the Hall with one common feeling of satisfaction, and hopefulness of a brighter and happier future.

MR. WILLY AND MR. GRIESBACH'S CONCERT.

Our notice of this superb performance, which took place last night, is necessarily postponed till next week.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

THIS EVENING, THURSDAY,

APRIL 14th, will be performed Donizetti's Opera, *LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR*, in which Madame Persiani, Signor Ronconi, and Signor Guasco, will perform.—To conclude with the New Ballet in two acts M. M. Deshayes and Perrot (as performed at the Academy Royale de Paris.) Music by M. Adolphe Adam, entitled *GISELLE*, on Les Willis. Principal Dancers:—Mlles. Carlotta Grisi, Mesdies Louise Fleury; Madame Copere, Mlles. Coulon, M. Gosselin, M. Venefra, M. Gouillet, M. Bertram, &c. The Scenery by Mr. W. Grieve.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be made at the Box-Office, Opera Colonnade.

CONCERTS OF ANCIENT MUSIC,

New Rooms, Hanover Square.—The Directors inform the Subscribers, the THIRD CONCERT, will take place on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20th, commencing at half past Eight o'clock; under the direction of H.R.H. Prince Albert, Conductor, Mr. Bishop.—Leader, Mr. F. Cramer.—Organ, Mr. Lucas. The REHEARSAL, on Monday morning, the 19th, at Twelve. The Subscribers have the privilege of introducing their friends to the Single Concerts, by tickets, price One Guinea each; or to Rehearsals, price 10s. 6d. each; applications for which to be made, by Subscribers only, to C. Lonsdale, (late Birchall and Co's Musical Circulating Library, 26, Old Bond Street.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF HER MAJESTY.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY,

Established in the year 1813.—The Public is respectfully informed that the third Concert for the ensuing Season will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday next April 18th.—To commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Terms of Subscription to the Eight Concerts, Four Guineas; and for the accommodation of those Subscribers who may have friends to introduce, Single Tickets for any one of the Concerts, One Guinea each, or Double Tickets admitting two Persons, £1. 10s. each.

QUARTET CONCERTS, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

Messrs. BLAGROVE, GATTIE, DANDO, and LUCAS, beg to inform the public, that their FIFTH CONCERT will take place ON FRIDAY EVENING APRIL 15th, principal performers, Madame Caradori, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. W. Loder (late Miss Woodyatt), Mr. Benedict, &c.

To commence at half past Eight o'clock.—Tickets, 7s. each, or 18s. each, admitting three persons, may be obtained of the conductors, and at the principal Music shops.

THE WHOLE OF THE MUSIC IN HANDEL'S

ACIS AND GALATEA, Splendidly

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